STORY OF MARIA.

SOLD BY J. METCALF,
WENDELL, Mass.

MARIA,

OR THE

GOOD GIRL.

J. METCALF....WENDELL, MASS.

1830.

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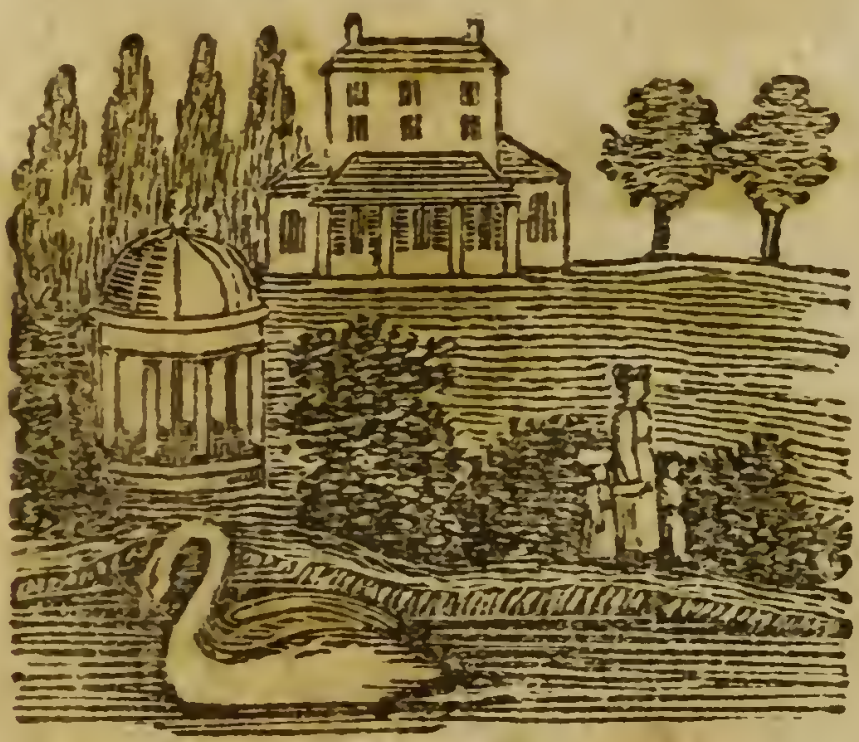
MARIA,

OR THE

GOOD GIRL.

Maria Livingston was a very good child. She was never known to tell a falsehood, and if ever she committed a fault, which was seldom, she always confessed it frankly, without endeavouring to avoid punishment by adding falsehood to guilt.

In the village where her parents resided, lived Lady Worthy, who owned a beautiful house and garden. In



addition to many useful and instructive things, this good lady had caused to be placed on one side of the garden a bee-hive, that the little children of the village might be

taught from that insect a useful lesson of industry and frugality.

Now this lady had kindly invited the little children of the village to partake of a treat she had provided for them. Among the visiters was Miss Maria. As soon as they had arrived and paid their respects to the good lady, they were conducted to

a table spread with strawberries and every thing good and proper for them as children. After their repast, they had permission to amuse themselves in the pleasure grounds and garden; but were strictly charged not to meddle with any thing they might meet with. For some time they obeyed this charge, till at length one of the par-

ty strutting away from the rest, espied a beautiful large glass globe, in which were several gold and silver fish. Pleased with this new wonder, she ran to call the rest; they eagerly followed, and after amusing themselves for some time by looking at the sprightly little prisoners, some of the party made a proposal to catch one. It was presently agreed to by all but Maria, who vainly endeavoured to persuade them not to do so; they said it would not be known unless she told of it. Maria assured them it was far from

her intention to tell tales, but hoped they would not break their promise to lady Worthy, nor treat her ungratefully for her kindness. Her entreaty was of no avail: they would only catch one and that could do no harm; and if she would not tell, she should be the one who should have the pleasure of catching it.

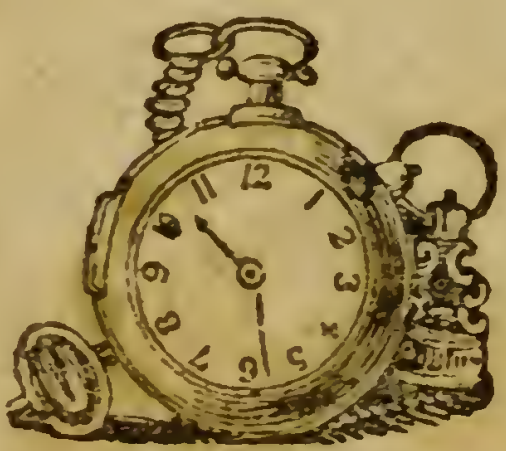
This offer she steadily refused; and after another vain attempt to make them act rightly, she walked to a distance, to prevent herself from being a spectator of the affair.

No sooner had she left

them, than Charles Headstrong, jumping upon a stone to raise himself to a level with the object of his pursuit, and putting his arm in,

had almost secured the prize, when the stone slipped from under him, and he fell, pulling the globe after him! Horror struck, they stood

over the broken fragments, vainly, but too late wishing they had taken the advice of Maria: when happening to turn round, they encountered the angry gaze of lady Worthy, who had been reading in an alcove, and was an ear witness to the whole affair. After severely reprimanding them for their guilt, in wishing to deceive her, she called Maria to her, and made her a present of a hand-



some gold watch, as a reward for her honourable conduct, and gave her free permission to walk in the garden when

she pleased. Whilst the rest were sent home in disgrace and trouble, Maria was safely conducted to the residence of her parents in an

elegant coach, enjoying the pleasing reflections incident to a virtuous course of conduct.

THE

BOYS AND CAT.

One summer day,
Some boys at play,
Espied a Tabby cat;
Which from its home,
Had chanc'd to roam,
In search of mouse or rat.

The boys were rude,
And would intrude
On Tabby's liberty;
The day was hot,
And puss had got
Beneath a shady tree.

Says Tom to John,
Let's set Tray on,
And hunt the cat away:

Ay, that we will,
Says naughty Bill,
And call'd aloud for Tray.

The dog he ran,
And soon began
To worry the poor cat;
When Ann and Jane
Came down the lane,
And saw what they were at.

Jane call'd aloud
Unto the crowd, [bear;
And begg'd they would for-
And Ann she said,
They should be paid,
If they the cat would spare.

They all ran fast,
But puss at last
Climb'd up into a tree;

The boys look'd sad,
The girls were glad,
That puss from them was free.

Let's pelt her down,
Said little Brown,
And took up a great stone;
Jane begg'd and pray'd,
Ann cry'd and said,
Do let poor puss alone.

Their tears prevail'd,
Brown's courage fail'd,
The stone he did not throw ;
The boys call'd Tray,
To come away,
That puss in peace might go.